

GARLAND, 14.

CONTAINING

SEVEN CHOICE SONGS,

VIZ.

1. YOUNG ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.
 2. GOOD HUMOUR AND WIT.
 3. THE BRITISH TARS VALENTINE.
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YOUNG ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.

YOUNG Roger the ploughman who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
With nosegay so large in his holiday cloaths,
(His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.

Now he was as bashfull as bashfull could be,
And Kitty poor girl! was as bashfull as he:
So he bow'd he star'd, and he let his fall,
Then he grin'd scratch'd his head, and said nothing at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-string play'd,
Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one,

In silence the young ones both nodded assent;
Their hands being join'd to be married they went,
Where they answer'd the parson with voice so small,
You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing at all.

But marke what a change—in the course of a week,
Kate quite left of blushing—Roger boldly could speak;
Could joke at his deary, laugh-loud at the jest;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best;

And shamed at past folly they've often declar'd
To encourage young folks who at courtship are scar'd,
If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
When once you are us'd to it, 'tis nothing at all.



IN GOOD HUMOUR AND WIT.

ONE evening good humour took wit as his guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
 These liquor was claret, and friendship their host,
 And mirth, song and sentiment garnish'd each toast.
 Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy their desire,
 For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit and wine,
 Alarm'd! they all heard at the door a loud knock.
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'Twas past twelve
 o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs the they drag'd the imperinant hound;
 When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd
 To see 'twas the grey glutton time they had seiz'd.

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole
 And his single lock dangled a-down his smooth scull:
 My friend, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
 And bid ye begone, for tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on his advice fix,
 Tho nature strikes twelve, folly kill points to six.
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
 So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.

This is right, call'd out wit; while you're yet in your
 prime,
 Their's nothing like claret for killing of time:
 Huzza! reply'd love, now no more can he knock,
 Or imperinant tell us, tis past twelve o'clock.

Since time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
 By this maxim we're sure of our time when we drink:
 With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

BRITISH TARS VALENTINE;

Or, the glorious 14th of February.

BY J. OGDEN, JUN.

Tune.—*Valentine's Day.***W**HEN Morpheus veil'd the briny deep,

And landsmen all were gone to sleep,

Brave JARVIS, with his gallant few,

Kept watch, in hopes the Dons to view:

For though their ships were three times nine,

Our Tars would have a Valentine.

And pledg'd themselves ere they did dine,

To send us home a Valentine.

And pledg'd, &c.

When grey-ey'd morning dawn'd her light,

The Spanish Squadron hove in sight:

Brave JARVIS form'd two lines compact,

That with more vigour they might act:

For though their ships were three times nine,

Our Tars would have a Valentine.

As they had pledg'd ere they did dine,

To send us home a Valentine.

As they, &c.

Our Tars quite bent upon their prey,

Impatient lest they'd skulk away:

Then JARVIS bravely led them on;

'Twas near the time of mid-day sun:

And though their ships were three times nine,

Undauntedly he broke their Line.

For he stood pledg'd ere they did dine,

His Tars should have a Valentine.

For he, &c.

The Spanish fleet could not unite—

Such was the fury of the fight;

For every effort which they try'd

Serv'd only more to curb their pride;

And though their ships were three times nine,
 Our Tars fought for a Valentine.
 For they stood pledg'd ere they did dine,
 BRITAIN should have a Valentine. *For they, &c.*

Just at the time of setting sun,
 The Spaniards on all sides did run;
 Leaving behind their Salvadore,
 St. Joleph, aye, and two Saints more;
 Our Tars then wash'd their throats with wine,
 While JERVIS form'd the Valentine.
 Then all in triumph went to dine,
 And CALDER bore the Valentine. *Then all, &c.*

FATHER PAUL.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
 And moral wit refine,
 The precepts taught in Roman schools,
 We friars here define,

CHORUS.

Here's a health to father Paul,
 For flowing bowls
 Inspire the souls
 Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met,
 We laugh, we joke, we sing;
 All worldly cares we there forget,
 For Father Paul's our king.

No absolution we will give,
 Ye blue-ey'd nuns, so fair;
 No benediction here receive,
 But banish all your care.

With beads and crosses, not held divine,
 We pray with fervent zeal
 To roly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Who does each joy reveal.

May ev'ry friar please his nun,
 Each nun her friar please;
 And each alike enjoy their fun,
 With freedom and with ease.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
 Let friars be the toast;
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And none their order boast.

THE DUMB WIFE CUR'D

THERE was a bonny blade, had marry'd a country
 maid,

And safely conducted her home, home, home;
 She was neat in every part, she pleas'd him to the heart;
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day, and as brisk as the May,
 And as round as a plumb as a plumb, plumb, plumb;
 But still the silly swain could do nothing but complain
 Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and could bake, she could sew and she
 could make,

She could sweep clean the house with a broom, broom,
 broom;

She could wash and she could wring, or do any kind of
 thing,

But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

Then the doctor he went, far to give himself content,
 And to cure his wife of the maim, maim, maim:

Oh! 'tis the easiest part that belongs unto my art
To make a woman speak, that is, dumb, dumb, dumb.

Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut the chairin string
And at liberty set her tongue, tongue, tongue.

Oh! her tongue began to walk, which made her loud to
talk.

As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her faculty she tries, and she fill'd the house with noise.

And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum;

She bread a deal of strife, made him weary of his life,

He'd give any kind of thing she were dumb, dumb,
dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, and, thus he vents his woes;

Oh, doctor! it is all a hum, hum, hum,

For my wife is turn'd a scould, and her tongue she will
not hold;

I'd give any kind of thing she were dumb, dumb, dumb

When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak.

It was a thing easily done, done, done;

But 'tis past the art of man, let him do what'er he can,

To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,
tongue,

A FAVORITE SONG.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock loth hammocks to twine every night
If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
Fill your sails with affection; your cabin with love.

Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever upright
And the union you boast like your tackel be tight;

Of the shoals of Indifference be sure to keep clear;
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

And the quicksands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives;
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their wives;
For the eveners we go, boys, the better we sail,
And on shipboard the helm is still ruled by the tail.

And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

And a hundred, &c.

THE COBLER.

WHENE'RE I am mending a shoe,
Ev'ry thing in my stall that I view,
To my doating remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my bosom goes thump,
The best callimancoes your hair—
My awl to your eyes I compare,
That wounded the heart of poor Clump.

Your teeth, which like ivory show,
Are the pegs, in a white, even row,
Which I dive—well at every blow
My heart to my bosom goes thump.
Each object, of you bears a part—
Your wit, that's so piercing and smart,
Is my knife—but my lapstone your heart
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Clump.

